UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Editorial.

"THE human idea of happiness is to receive more than one gives. The divine idea of happiness is to give more than one receives."

THE *Indian Messenger*, (Calcutta), reports that one hundred years ago there was not a Protestant Christian in India, and to-day there are a half million.

"NOTHING makes life dreary but lack of motive," is the motto of The Autobiography of an American Woman, by Frances E. Willard. Let pessimists read and ponder.

CANON FARRAR, in a late sermon, reports that Ewald, the great Biblical scholar, once said to Dean Stanley, of the Greek testament, "All the wisdom of the world is concentrated in this little book."

THE summary of a late debate in Calcutta by the body of Brahmo Somaj, on the danger of carrying rationalism too far, was that reason becomes irrational when it seeks to transcend intuitive faith.

THE New York *Independent* claims that it is really true now as it ever was, that there is a personal Devil; that this Devil has his wiles for the deception of men, and that if we reject them as past realities, we discredit the plain teaching of the Bible.

A TRUST has been defined as "a combination of capitalists to monopolize the whole of business. They then become the only purchasers, and therefore can buy cheap: the only sellers, and therefore can sell dear: the only employers of labor, and therefore can pay low wages." It is the principle of combination against competition. In some cases, as in the Standard Oil Company, it has resulted in economic production and low prices. In others, as in sugar refining, it has greatly increased the cost of the article to consumers.

IN a letter comes a word of cheer for *all* Sunday-school workers—not merely the one to whom it happened to be sent: "All the boys that were members of our Sunday-school then, and have since grown into men, have turned out so well,—all of good habits, I think, and of unblemished reputation—that I ache to have the other children who ought to be in the Sunday-school today have the like opportunity for true development."

THE Boston correspondent of the *Christian Union* shows the lack of legal accuracy in the prosecution of Prof. Smyth of Andover. The Board of Visitors decreed his removal for his alleged improper teaching as a professor, while the fact is that not a scrap of testimony was introduced at the trial to prove that his teaching was improper. Prof. Smyth, however, hopes that his case will be decided not upon any technicality, but upon the full merits of the case.

WE reprint the article "The Workman and his Wages," because we believe that the key to the labor problem is largely in "self help" and that while social amelioration of the wage-man's condition is what we all desire, his permanent betterment does not rest upon condition, but intelligence. Until the wage-man knows how to make the most of his resources, to expend wisely and economically his earnings, he will never reach a worthier manhood or feel satisfaction and happiness, no matter what may be the outward condition of his life.

DR. GEORGE M. GOULD, in a paper before the Medical Jurisprudence Society, of Philadelphia, said: "Our legal sentences should be divested of all thought of punishment or deterrent effects; the asylum and penitentiary should be combined and put under one management; the clinical examination and study of the pathogenesis of these conditions furthered, and all with the sole end of cure and of prophylaxis." This certainly revolutionizes all our theories of penal institutions and courts of justice. It assumes that all criminals are curable, all crimes preventable.

THE *Episcopal Recorder* reminds us that the eminent jurist, Matthew Hale, always retired for an hour of solitary communion with God before trying a case in court; and that Lincoln, amid the perplexities of his administration, exclaimed: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for the day." There is something very impressive in such assurances of dependence on the All Wisdom from minds apparently most able to stand erect and sufficient in their great manhood.

THE eccentricities of tourists are often matter for something else than amusement to those who make nearest acquaintance with a curious public; as when the present mistress of the Old Manse at Concord was visited by a party of travelers, who in their desire for a new sensation, came to beg a morning meal in the room where Emerson and Hawthorne had breakfasted. The innocence of their motive was shown in the offer of payment for this favor, which it is unnecessary to say was civilly declined. Perhaps it was a member of the same party who called at the Emerson house to beg the gift of some of the philosopher's old clothes to put into the new rag carpet she was making.

IT is a pleasure to greet another publication, the latest born in our Western household of faith. It will be sure to speak many words of reverence and tenderness, first lived, therefore living. "*The Fortnightly Sermon*" will be issued on the 1st and 15th of every month, containing Mr. Blake's current discourses in the pulpit of the Third Unitarian Church of Chicago. The series will comprise twenty to twenty-six sermons in the year. Price, post-paid, 50 cents a year. Address Third Church Publishing Committee, 917 West Monroe street, Chicago, Ill. We bespeak for it subscriptions, and in another column give extracts from its first two sermons called "A Grateful Spirit," and "At Peace with Things."

GEORGE H. ELLIS, of Boston, will publish in the early fall, a book of Social Essays, entitled: "Problems in American Society," by Joseph Henry Crooker, the author of "Jesus Brought Back." It will contain six chapters: The Student in American Life, Scientific Charity, The Root of the Temperance Problem, The Political Conscience, Moral and Religious Instruction in the Public Schools, The Religious Destitution of Villages. The chapter on Scientific Charity, along with other interesting matters, will describe Mr. Crooker's discovery of the origin of Associated Charities in Hamburg a century ago; while the next to the last chapter will treat the question at issue between the Secular Schools and the Catholic Church from a fresh point of view.

SOME time ago Dr. Martineau—the Channing, Parker and Bellows in one of the English Unitarians, laid before our English brethren an elaborate scheme for the closer organization of their Unitarian churches. He desired to see "one Church in many places," broad, free, yet one, cohering outwardly and inwardly, each member helping all, instead of the loosely allied and local congregations of the present day. Coming from such a source, the proposition made much stir at once among the ministers. It was submitted to the congregations, who have been discussing it and answering in resolutions of approval or objection or alternative suggestion. The committee in charge has lately reported the result. Nearly all but the smallest churches have been heard from. Interest, but not enthusiasm, seems to be the general feeling in the matter. Of those replying nearly all agree that closer organization is needed, but at the same time insist that "no doctrinal test or restriction shall have sway within our churches, and that absolute power of self-government shall be reserved to each congregation. What is called for is Union, not Unity; Cooperation, not Identity." Dr. Martineau's specific suggestions are only partially approved, but these three ideas find general acceptance: (1) The formation of Provincial Representative Assemblies and a General Assembly,—these, not simply for deliberative purposes, but with power to act. (2) The formation of a fund for general pastorate and missionary purposes, to be expended under the control of the Provincial Assemblies. (3) The forming of a Ministerial Roll, or at least of a committee, to aid congregations seeking ministers and ministers seeking congregations. "It would, of course, be necessary to take precautions against exclusion or inclusion on doctrinal grounds." As to the vexed question of the *name* by which the General Assembly shall be called, suggestions are numerous. The names suggested are mostly of a comprehensive character, and it is worth noting that the most sectarian name proposed was the "General Assembly of Unitarian and other Churches," which had a single advocate.

A WEEK more and the vacation months will have gone by and September will begin to usher in the work of the coming season. Among the first of the meetings will be those of the annual Institute for Sunday-schools and Unity clubs, which is to be held in Davenport, Iowa, October 7 to 9. The programme for these meetings is in good state of progress and holds much that will be attractive, not only to Sunday-school teachers, but also to parents and students. Monday evening there will be a social reception, and the six sessions of the next two days will be given to Sunday-school topics. Thursday, the 10th, will be Unity club day. The new six-years' course of lessons already alluded to in these columns, will occupy one forenoon in its presentation and discussion, Mr. Jones being in charge, and another morning will be given to reports and Institute work on questions of the most immediate interest. During the two afternoons we expect to hear from Messrs. Learned, Blake, Hugenholtz, Duncan and others. Mr. Simmons will give the sermon, and there will be a musical evening. On the 10th, papers will be given by Rev. Nathaniel Seaver, of Templeton, Mass.; Mrs. Learned, of St. Louis; Rev. A. J. Beavis, of Iowa City, and others. The programme will appear in UNITY the third week in September, and it is desirable that our teachers and others interested shall be early in making their plans to attend.

"GEORGEISM IN A NUT-SHELL."

The men who believe of any one doctrine or expedient that "it might have come by inspiration from on high, so true and just is it, and so admirably adapted to accomplish human redemption from poverty and sin," are seldom men adapted to be social leaders; but they are often social inspirers. For the world *must* listen to the earnest man. There are many such among us now, many who are voicing what to each one respectively is the gospel of the day. The Socialist has a gospel of *Co-operation*,—to co-operate by governmentalizing industries and wealth. The Anarchist has a gospel of *Individualism*,—in the name of individual freedom to abolish government. Georgeism is another gospel of the day, and Hugh Pentecost, if anyone, can put it in a nutshell. In an address quoted once before in UNITY he does so. Georgeism, he tells us, consists of a certain method to reach a certain end. The end is "the abolition of private property in land." The method to that end is "the payment of ground rents to the full annual value of the land, and nothing else, into the common treasury." "That is Georgeism in a nutshell; as fair and just a system as can be devised by the mind of man."

To be sure, the followers of Henry George seem to be again dividing into two parties, and this time on the nutshell principle itself. Both are working for the single tax, the tax on land alone; but one party advocates this method to the full extent of the object just named, the abolition of private property in land,—the other not so far. The persons who have been managing the *Standard* during Mr. George's absence abroad are moderates apparently, while Mr. Pentecost urges the reform unlimited. Mr. George has returned, but no opinion he may render is likely to settle such an issue permanently. There is pathos in such splits among men in earnest, comrades working for a cause. But the discussion that results lays bare the essence of their principle as nothing else would bare it, the real measure of truth and good in it appears, and all the sooner the world grows able to adopt and profit by it.

We shall not try to put any refutation of these gospels in a nut-shell. There is too much truth and justice in them all. Take Georgeism, the most definite of the three. "Show me a bill of sale from the Almighty," said the Vermont magistrate to the slave-hunter who had cornered the black fugitive on the New England hills. "Show me a bill of sale from the Almighty," virtually says Henry George to the landholder. It would be hard to do it. The Georgeist's question, "Are we not all land-animals?" is about as *final* a conundrum as the slave's, "Am I not a man and brother?" Such questions are like sign-boards on the road of the actual, pointing the way to the ideal. And the ideal is the future actual. And mankind toils on towards it step by step, sometimes to discover at a turn in the road that lo! the ideal-actual is *there*, to be dealt with by convulsion, revolution, war; sometimes to find out that the sign-board has been set generations distant from its object; but in either case learning that the seeming-simple legend that it bears covers infinite detail and a thousand complex, crossing interests, all of which must be reckoned with in actual experience.

Three things seem clear. One is that thus far social progress has gone hand in hand with individual ownership of property, including land; hand in hand with rent and interest and profits and taxes and accumulation of capital,—the various forms of money-holding which society's reformers are calling "robbery" now. The second is that social progress does not without catastrophe swerve *suddenly* from any track in which it has moved on for ages. The third is that it may swerve far, but *gradually*, for it has often done so. It does not follow because certain social formulas have served man in his progress so far, that they are forever necessary to progress or may not become blocks in the way of progress. The theory of social evolution implies that society may outgrow forms that it took centuries to even reach and begin to utilize, and still other centuries to grow through and exhaust of service. But the length of the period of service suggests the *rate* of this possible outgrowing,—and individual ownership of land has had an immensely long period of service.

And if men come to feel that such ownership of land is wrong, the perception that shows them that, will show them that many other degrees of property-holding are also wrong. The truth is that in *all* kinds of property two elements are mingled,—that which the individual, and that which society at large, contributes. Into land-owning itself an element of enterprise and risk, an investment of personality often enters, that would make the total abolition of private property in land a taking from the individual to give to the community. But on the other hand, in the light of the discussions of to-day, it is growing easy to see that "the community" is the source of property and profit and opportunity *of all kinds* in far greater degree than society has thus far recognized. The principle of the "unearned increment" applies not simply to the speculator's corner-lot or deal in wheat, but more or less to the merchant's stock upon his shelves, the railroad share, the factory privilege, the patent right,—to *all* forms of property that rise in value through the pressure of the people's growing needs. The principle that the community is the source of profit applies even to the mere opportunity to labor with one's hands with which society provides the man who owns nothing but his hands. And not to recognize all this and do justice to the fact may be "barbarism" in the twentieth century.

To say this, is not to say that "Georgeism" or "Socialism" or "Anarchism," or any other formula thus far elaborated, is even an improvement on present social arrangements taken in the whole,—much less that it is to solve the social problem and redeem mankind from poverty and sin. But it *is* saying that each of them contains a note, a vision, a suggestion, and possibly germs of a method, which society will some day utilize. And what to-morrow we may thank, we had better not be frightened at to-day. All those, at least, who hope and strive in any way for better things, owe unscared and respectful listening to those who insist on short cuts to regeneration.

Not that this will satisfy the eager guides. As to that, Mr. Pentecost's own words shall again instruct us. He, too, has been listening sympathetically and speaking fairly of reforming sects whose names and methods he does not share himself, and thus reports: "I have noticed, and also learned by personal experience, that a person who will not join some sect or party, though he is constantly pointing out the good that is in each sect or party, will be more or less hated by them all. I conclude that if a man wishes to *succeed* he will join some sect or party and be as 'wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove'—he will overlook all its narrowness and untruth and 'work it for all it is worth.' But if he wishes to *own his own soul* whether he 'succeed' or not, he will join no sect or party. He will follow truth alone, and truth lies just outside all sects and parties."

W. C. G.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

The writer is in doubt whether the "Summer School" had its origin in Mr. Alcott's philosophical assembly at Concord, or in the more popular gatherings at Chautauqua, nor is the question of great importance. To whatever place and mind its first inception is due, these summer reunions of philosophers and wits, who meet together from the combined motives of rest and study, have became a popular and significant feature of our social life. The vacation habit is comparatively a new one with us, but we have become sufficiently accustomed to it to begin to question its real uses, and to have learned that the recreation which affords true mental and physical refreshment is not to be found in mere idleness. Moreover, the vacation period of two months given up to nothing but play, which our children enjoy, is coming to be regarded by many thoughtful parents as too long, and fraught with many injurious effects, so that the question of how to make this season one of useful and happy activity as well as of needed rest and change is arising in many minds. The summer school is helping to solve this question for the older people, and the pleasures of the fashionable seaside or mountain resort are dangerously threatened from a new and unexpected quarter. The long summer days which nature employs for the ripening processes of her stores of fruit and grain are found to be fitted to the same uses in the world of intellect and thought. The winter season is one of busy outward activity when we are continually giving forth to those around us. The currents of the mental life run more quickly than in July and August, and we live under the spur of a continual intellectual or social excitement that seems for the time the only true living. But the summer months, though not so well adapted to study, often prove the season of richest thought and reflection. The summer school, located usually in some spot where charming natural scenery abounds, inciting the mind to pure and lofty contemplation of the wonders and beauty of the natural universe, becomes an efficient aid in the development of the spirit of quiet thoughtfulness. Here congenial minds meet together for the friendly discussion of topics concerning the nearest and most profound interests of man. The strife and pretension of the schools are forgotten in a spirit of emulative love and good-will. The Concord school was made the subject of many weak jests and sarcasms, and its decease, if it is deceased, is viewed with a complacent smile by many who measured its usefulness by their own light-minded indifference to its purposes. John Stuart Mill said that every new movement must first be tested by ridicule, after which came argument, which, if it proved conclusive, was followed by adoption. That the motive underlying the Concord school has not been laughed out of existence may be seen in the rise of other schools of somewhat more practical and interesting a character which have followed. We have especially in mind Prof. Davidson's school at Farmington, Conn., and that of History and Romance, under the superintendence of Mr. Lincoln of New York, which held its fourth session at Deerfield, Mass., the present summer. It was our good fortune to attend the closing session of this school Aug. 1st. Among the lecturers at the school were Robert Collyer, Edwin D. Mead, Grace Greenwood, Charlotte Fiske Bates, Mr. Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward;" Mr. George W. Cable, and others of equal note and interest. The work of the school is supplemented with evening classes, and nowhere could be found a lovelier setting for such a school than the beautiful old historic village of Deerfield, with George Fuller's golden landscape lying about on every hand, and the friendly hospitality of the people of Deerfield to add to the general cheer and comfort of the whole. Manifestly the summer school is a pleasing and profitable feature of our modern civilization, and it is time the West began to follow the example set in Farmington and Deerfield. Distance might make it impossible to give to such an enterprise here the *eclat* of some of our Eastern names, but aside from that we have sufficient material of a high and available order for excellent work in this direction. Who will venture to begin it?

C. P. W.

THE PAPAL POWER.

As Unitarians do not accept the "dogma of infallibility" of any finite being—not even of Jesus himself—nor of any assemblage of finite beings—not even of the church universal—we are in no danger of believing in the infallibility of the Pope of Rome. With our strong faith in reason as against external authorities, we are less terrified than many at the pretensions of the Vatican. But on the other hand we do not cherish any extravagant expectations of seeing the Catholic Church speedily melt away under any disaster that may come to Pope Leo XIII, or his successors.

When, to use the words of M. Capel, "one may be infallible and be the biggest rascal going," we see that infallibility is a pure formality, if not a fiction. It is employed by the church as a symbol, and is not a reality. Whatever happens to the Pope of Rome, therefore, conviction of crime, banishment, death, the church will go on. To argue otherwise is wholly to misconceive the spirit and strength of a venerable and venerated institution. It is to see this government overthrown by the assassination of a president, or Mormonism dying with Joe Smith.

It seems likely now that a crisis is approaching in the history of the papacy at Rome. The continued residence of the Pope in Italy has become more than doubtful. A foreign correspondent writes: "Of this issue the nation may be considered as divided into three parties, of which the largest, and possibly the majority of the whole, is, I believe, tolerably indifferent to the church. The members of it are proud of the papacy as an Italian institution, but far more proud of Italy; and if compelled to choose between the withdrawal of the Pope from Italy and the break-up of the Italian kingdom, they would very much prefer the former. They are content to be considered good Catholics, but their faith is only a formality, and conformity is always reconciled with convenience. This might be called the Centre." Then there is the Right or Clerical party, fierce and aggressive, who, like the ancient Jews, believe that God will interfere to restore them to power—by some miracle, if necessary, when the crisis comes. "The extreme limit of the strength of this party, including both sexes, is between three and four millions." The Left is also aggressive, and desires a collision which will be likely to result in the expulsion of the Pope. "This party is already in possession of the civil power and able to effect the expulsion of the Pope, if so disposed."

The empty claim for temporal power still harped upon, with n o l opof its restoration, only irritates the enemies of the Vatican. "It is not unlikely that the Pope will leave Rome, *bon gre, mal gre*, and I doubt whether he will ever return"—never, except as Head of the Italian Church, his other pretensions being abandoned. Already Austria has offered him the choice of several cities. Spain has been mentioned, or the English might offer him Malta. But numerous political considerations are to be elaborately thought out before the choice can be voluntarily made. A sudden turn of affairs may decide for him. The Head of the Catholic Church will still be a matter of interest, though he has ceased to be a power which the world at large respects or fears.

L.

Contributed and Selected.

TREE AND MAN PHILOSOPHY.

"I myself am nothing," saith the tree,
"But the shade of me
Is good for the land, and so I come to be."

"I myself am nothing," saith the flower,
"But a power
Lies in my beauty—so I live my hour."

"I myself am nothing," saith the brook,
"But many a nook
Is the better for my bright and sparkling look."

"I myself am nothing," saith the rain,
"I refresh the plain,
And when it needeth me I come again."

"I myself am nothing," saith the field,
"I was made to yield
From my furrows deep and never healed."

'I myself am something," saith the man,
"So my whole life's span
I must search and search for happiness with all the strength I can."

H. P. KIMBALL.

THE WORKMAN AND HIS WAGES.

Within three miles of my home in eastern Connecticut, six factory villages dot the landscape. The population in them consists of a few Americans, mostly in the suburbs, many Irish, with an overflow of the same on the neighboring farms; French Canadians, great money-savers, but called poor pay by the store keepers; also Hungarians and Portugese, who are the latest comers. The mill operatives earn what may be called fair wages, and I hear but little complaint among them. In twenty years there has been no serious strike in this region. The average pay of the men is $1.25 per day; women receive $1, and children from 50 to 75 cents. These people live in tolerably good tenements, for which they pay a rent of only $4 per month. Their work demands the plainest and cheapest clothing, and there is no necessity for extra expenses to appear respectable, for their positions do not exact a particular mode of living, as with

school-teachers, clergymen, and others. I have one family in mind, where the members together earn $1,200 a year, and this is by no means an unusual case. In a number of these families only the children earn wages, and the parents, though hardly above middle age, take their ease. The overseers are always well-paid. I remember one who, a few years since, received as much as $1,500 a year, and he thought the clergyman, living on $1,000, was greatly overpaid.

Plenty of money comes into the hands of these people, but, looking within their homes, you would find very little to show for it. Some—the French Canadians, especially — save what they can, and live as cheaply as possible, but the greater part of them scatter their earnings where not much good is returned. To spend five dollars in horse hire is a common occurrence, but that sum expended in making the tenement clean and attractive, would be to them like throwing the money away. You may find a $15 hanging lamp, ludicrously out of place in a low, ill-furnished room, but there is a sad dearth of books and papers. The young women spend much in dress, but they neither know how to purchase the best nor use with good care what they have. They are creatures of fickle tastes, and prefer the showy to the substantial. As for the young men, their money goes for "good times," and precious few of them are blessed with an ambition to rise above their present station.

Near by is a young lady who earns but $20 a month teaching school, and within a stone's throw is a boy in his teens who never learned a trade, yet his wages are almost double this sum. The brain-worker has the hardest struggle in this nation of money-makers. The principal of a high school said to me, "I could earn more as a pack-peddler than I receive now." My own experience as a journalist has, I fear, hardened me against the working class, so called. A friend who was a practical printer, found no difficulty in securing a situation where he earned $18 a week. I would have accepted $12, but found no vacancy, though work was repeatedly offered me at the "case." I am not strong physically, and I have learned no trade by which I might turn my hand to some useful employment. My only resource is my brain, yet I never asked preachers, politicians, and editors to urge my wrongs, and I sought the help of no labor union. Even when I worked ten hours a day, and frequently more, besides shouldering heavy responsibilities, as editor of a country paper, all for $10 a week, the idea of a strike never occurred to me. I plodded along, making the best possible of my situation, and I had this much satisfaction, if nothing more—I maintained an independent spirit and learned the art of economy. My dollars were few, but I fertilized them with brains, and they yielded me much enjoyment. In no year have my family and I received as much as $1,200 income; yet we would scorn to occupy for a single night, one of those tenements in which live the mill-operative families earning that sum. What makes the difference between us? The lack of a head to economize and manage wisely. Some time since I visited an industrious Irishman in the neighboring village. He owned a house and lot valued at $2,000; the former was well-furnished, and he had money in the bank besides. He never earned great wages—not over $2 a day at the most—but his family had a head—or rather, two heads, a thrifty husband and a thrifty wife—and it was the lack of a head, and nothing else, that crowded four poverty-stricken families into the squalid tenement just across the street. They were the "down-trodden working class," slaving for "capitalist masters." My Irish friend and I were "stuck up," and "too proud to mix with common folks."

There was a time when the cry of "working men's wrongs" caught my ear, and my sympathies were aroused; but little thanks did I get for all my pains My friendly advances were received in a sullen spirit. I carefully avoided patronizing airs, and exercised the utmost care not to offend feelings or awaken prejudices, but though morbidly sensitive themselves, they never ceased to remind me that there was a difference in our stations in life, and assumed the right to say the most insulting things to my face. I finally saw that unless I talked, dressed, and lived like them, there could be no cordial friendship between us. The poor and the rich may sometimes meet together in amicable agreement, but between knowledge and ignorance there is an eternal hostility.

The key to the labor problem, in my opinion, is self-help. As long as the workingman runs about seeking some other head than his own, there will be no end to his troubles. He is determined to depend on somebody besides himself. If he dislikes his employer, he asks the trades-union or the demagogue to manage for him. He wants a freeman's privileges with none of the freeman's cares and responsibilities, but that he can never have.—*James W. Fitch in New York Evening Post.*

FROM J. V. BLAKE'S "FORTNIGHTLY SERMON."

Never yet has it been thought to try whether the love that creates a home may not be potent to preserve a state; whether the tender justice, the forbearance, the helping hand, the endearment that cement friendship, may not also be the forces that can convert an enemy, or bring an alien to our arms. What! say you perhaps; what! scatter your heart about at the store as at the house? What! go sprinkling the byways with love that belongs at home, as if I were pouring myself out in spray from a watering-pot? Yea, truly, friend; and yet I counsel not anything inconsistent with a gentle and delicate reserve. There will be more love at home when there is more abroad, and never before. The only justification of my loving any one person, is that it is a little focusing of a great, wide, human love; for otherwise, private affections are simply a miser's goods. A sense of fellowing with all mankind must lie at the bottom of any personal fellowship, however private and tender, if it is to be rescued from greediness. Will a man love mother or wife or sister nobly, think you, who cares not whether other women go unsheltered, so his be housed well? By what name may we call the feeling of the father for his little son if the man go about every day blind and deaf to all the temptations that the dear sons of other men must meet in these flaunting streets? I perceive that it is a plain law of love that he who hates anything, or is unmoved by the claim of the whole, thereby is stopped by God from loving any one worthily, and his sentiment only reels and staggers like a drunkard about the little circle of his private indulgences.

If we have a friend who needs aid and counsel, write not to him that you pray that he be delivered, and that the cup pass him by; nay, but say: "Brother, like the Jews of old who always prayed with their faces toward Jerusalem, I turn myself towards thee now and beseech that strength be given thee, strength, knowledge and courage to say and do the right, which shall make thee at peace with things. I ask not to have thy burden lifted, but for strength and light to see that it is well, and for courage to bear bravely and cheerfully.

If we are loaded with ills by another's act, let us not burden ourselves more by ill taking of the ill. Nay, I have thought, sometimes, that there is no great ill, except the bad way in which we take the ill. For, remember this, if we can not teach another what is right, or make him wiser than to harm us, that is a good reason for being very meek in ourselves, as a wise Stoic said; and if we can not cure the ill, there is left the dignity of bearing it quietly; and that is a decoration by God.

The Study Table.

THE BIBLE MADE NATURAL.

The second volume of a work that might be called "The Bible Made Natural" has long been waiting for a welcome at our hands.* The first volume came out three or four years ago. It contained the Hebrew story from the "creation" to the exile, condensed from the historical books of the old Testament, and also enlarged and illuminated by inserting here and there passages from other books relating to the events described. For instance, a few psalms come into what were considered their due places in David's story, a few proverbs into Solomon's, parts of the prophets Amos and Hosea into the history of the kingdom of Israel, and parts of Isaiah, Jeremiah and Deuteronomy into that of Judah, and even this little made the Bible more natural.

But in volume second, called "Hebrew Literature," the treatment becomes more original and daring. First, the history is continued from the exile to Ezra's reformation, this period of political depression being the flowering period of the national literature. That literature is classified as Legislation, Tales, Prophecy, Poetry, Wisdom. The laws are grouped somewhat, not wholly, chronologically into codes: (1) The Ten Words; (2) The Book of the Covenant, and the Little Book of the Covenant; (3) Levitical codes, under eight subjects; (4) the corresponding Deuteronomic codes, and (5) the laws concerning Ritual. A system that makes the finding and the comparison of the Hebrew statutes easy. Next come the Tales, and when the editor in his preface says he would not imply that the stories grouped under this title differ in historic value from many contained in the earlier narratives, his remark suggests that many of those others are deemed legendary, since the so-called tales are "Ruth, an idyl;" "the Story of Elijah;" "the Miracles of Elisha;" "the Story of Jonah—a parable of the love of God toward the Gentiles," also "the Wonderful Story of Daniel and his friends, setting forth God's unfailing deliverance of them that keep his law," and "Esther, or the feast of Purim." Hebrew Prophecy falls into thirteen groups according to date and subject; and this grouping, aided by the new translations, makes it plainer than ever that Jesus was an old prophet come again, that his "kingdom of heaven" was but a broadened form of the ancient prophet's chastened and purified Jerusalem, that his parables of this kingdom renewed the prophet's imagery, and that what he said about the righteous deed and the life of love continued and intensified the prophet's emphasis on justice and mercy as better than sacrifice. The Hebrew Poetry is arranged in sixteen groups, each one containing several hymns named from its contents, just as we would name a new hymn to-day; this simple device of giving a natural name seems to the old psalter almost modern. Hebrew Wisdom contains among other selections a large part of "Job, or the problem of evil in relation to the history of Israel," another case where a mere title sheds a flood of light on a mysterious book. All through, the new translations add much clearness to the meaning, though one's associations cling to the old phrases and suffer of necessity.

The Bible Made Natural, we would call it; made natural by classifying thus the contents, by aptly naming the several parts and passages according to the sense, by printing in paragraphs instead of verses, and by the new translations. It is the Bible itself, shortened, but kept to Bible words; there is no commentary whatever, save the name-giving, and that here and there a word is interpolated to bring out the dramatic import of a passage. Yet the conception of such a book, still more its execution, implies a large and bold acceptance of the results of radical bible criticism. For instance, without a word being said, it seems to be taken for granted that all "Messianic" psalms and prophecies refer, not to Jesus, but to the suffering or victorious Israel, the smitten or exalted servant-nation of Jehovah. On the other hand, that the laws of Leviticus are printed *before* the Deuteronomic suggests that Kuenen is a guide not wholly trusted by the editor. If we are not mistaken, the editor will want to do his work over again some time, and still better; but just as it is, of all the versions we know it seems to us the best arranged bible yet put to print in English; for it conveys the idea throughout *that the bible is a national literature*, the legends and histories, the biographies, laws, tales, moral appeals and maxims, hymns and prayers of the Hebrew people. The book is a worthy companion to go on the shelf or study-table with Dr. Oort's "Bible for Learners."

If a surprise, it ought to be a grateful surprise to the reader that for a work like this we have to thank an Episcopalian school. The responsible editor is Dr. John P. Peters, professor of the old testament languages and literature in the Episcopalian Divinity School of Pennsylvania, now absent in Babylonia as director of the expedition recently sent thither under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. His brother editor, Dr. Bartlett, is dean of the same school, and he, presumably, is to have main charge of volume third, which will contain the selections from the New Testament. W. C. G.

* *Scriptures Hebrew and Christian, arranged and edited as an introduction to the study of the Bible.* By Edward T. Bartlett, D. D., and John P. Peters, Ph. D. Vol. II.: Hebrew Literature. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. Price, $1.50.

Sir Thomas Wyatt and His Poems. By William Edward Simonds. Boston: D. C Heath & Co.

This little volume is but an elaboration of the thesis prepared by Mr. Simonds a few years ago, and presented to the Philosophical Faculty of Kaiser Wilhelm's University, at Strasburg, for the acquisition of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The first few chapters are devoted to a sketch of the life of Sir Thomas, showing him to have been an accomplished courtier and a keen diplomat as well as a graceful versifier. The remainder of the volume is devoted to a critical and exhaustive study of his poems, which are carefully arranged and classified. Six groups are made; the first four composed of his Love Poems, and the fifth and sixth, Occasional and Later Poems. Mr. Simonds believes that the love poems were addressed to some one person, and his own researches tend to strengthen the belief that this person was Anne Boleyn, for their names were often coupled, though to quote the author, "One thing is pretty certain, and that is that no unlawful intercourse ever stained their friendship."

The book is written in a clear and pleasing style, and will be especially appreciated by the close student of English Literature, as its minuteness and detail will hardly commend it to any other class of readers.

J. R. E., JR.

COUNT TOLSTOI places so high an estimate upon "*Tokology*, a Book for every Woman," by Alice B. Stockham, M. D., of Chicago, that he has volunteered to translate it into Russian. Baroness Grippenberg, of Finland, has offered to put it into Swedish. Since Uncle Tom's Cabin, no American book, written by a woman, has had such a large sale as "*Tokology*." Dr. Stockham sailed for Europe, Aug. 17, to counsel with those interested in putting this work into the hands of the people of foreign lands.

LOCKE, the English philosopher, thought it a strange misconception of of words to speak of *death* as eternal *life* in torment.

IMMORTALITY is no fact of chronology, but that state of mind which implies the other side of the grave.—*Bartol.*

SOME truly orthodox man says: "The children of the devil are born faster than the children of God."

Church-Door Pulpit.

Any church may secure the publication of any acceptable sermon in this department by the payment of $5, which sum will entitle the church to one hundred copies of the issue in which the sermon is printed.

THE FAITH OF ETHICS AND THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

"Are there not seasons of Spring in the moral world, and is not the present age one of them?" asked Dr. Channing toward the end of his life,—and he died in 1842. Doubtless many persons living then would have rather said, "It is a season of the falling leaf, the old faiths are dropping from the tree, it is November in religion." People say that to-day. I feel, instead, that Dr. Channing's question is pertinent again: "Are there not seasons of *Spring* in the moral and religious world, and is not the present age one of them?" There come seasons when thoughts swell like buds, old meanings press out and unfold like leaves; seasons when we either need new words for greatening thoughts, or else new meanings, new implications, new and larger contents frankly recognized in the old words. And I think the present age, which some men call November, is such an April in the world of faith; that old words are swelling with enlarged meaning, and that that is what's the matter; in religion April's here.

The truth is that our little Unitarian history in America has been one continuous April, with here and there a day of halt, and here and there some special day of freshening and forth-putting. In 1810 and '20, when that history began in Channing's time, the words that showed the April signs were "Bible," "Revelation," "Human Nature," "Salvation," "Heaven," and "Hell;" these all were swelling with new meaning then. In 1840, Emerson's and Theodore Parker's time, the swelling word was "Miracle." In 1870, "National Conference" time, it was "Lordship of Christ." In 1880, "Year Book" time, it was "Christianity." In the larger, older Churches around ours it has been a slower Spring, but in them all

> "There is a sound, there is a token
> That the marble sleep is broken,
> And a change has passed on things."

At every crisis of the advancing change there has been a stir, a trouble, a pause,—Nature getting ready for violets, March a little strenuous that it is not yet time for violets, and that violets are safer as roots in the ground than as blossoms out in the light,—and then, somehow, March is April, and April is May, and the violets are here! How beautiful within our lifetime the fields of religious thought have grown with them! From one specific Bible as the root, generic Scripture has sprung up,—and the world is glad. In place of Revelation as an event, Revelation as a process is discerned,—and the world is glad. In place of Human Nature of the worms wormy, Human Nature with seeds and sparkles of divinity in it,—and the world is glad. Instead of Miracle as a kind of heavenly *coup d'etat*, rare and risky, like earthly *coups d'etat*, Miracle as another name for Nature's every result, her least thing that,—and the world is glad. For Lordship of Christ, the recognition that great men are seen greatest bare of title. For the name "Christianity" used as a shibboleth of fellowship, the recognition that the *spirit* of Christianity is the only thing worth fellowship, and that gives a fellowship no man and no name can confer, and that no man at his best will try to deny; and the world is growing glad at that. In each case the larger meaning in the old word has made the word more beautiful.

I think this April process has now reached words more important than any I have named; that to-day "God," "Religion," "Ethics," are the words swelling with new meanings, which will unfold them in the same way to osmething larger, more forceful, more beautiful,—and that the world will again be glad. The Faith of Ethics is my subject; and this phrase, "Faith of Ethics," opened, will illustrate what I mean. I shall only word thoughts that are slowly taking shape in many of us. "Faith" is a word of religion; and this thing that we call "morals" or "ethics" is going to unfold itself as more vitally "religious," by its deepest elements more vitally religious, than men have yet seen to be the fact. A great deal has recently been said among us that brings to mind the words of Emerson, "Men talk of *mere morality*, which is much as if one should say, 'Poor God, with nobody to help him!'" But another word of Emerson, the prophecy he so oft repeated, is also coming true before our eyes: "The progress of religion is steadily to its identity with morals." "The next age will behold God in the ethical laws." It is this tendency of which many of us today are growing conscious in our thought. And this process, note you, is not November for the meaning of "religion,"—it is April for the meaning of "ethics." The term religion is not shrinking; it is the term ethics that is swelling.

How is it with you and me? Suppose your boy or your little brother, twelve years old, should ask you of a sudden, "What is the difference between morals and religion? Is there any?"—what would you say? I wonder if I cannot put your answer into words. You would say something about duties to man as contrasted with duties to God, and feelings towards man in contrast with feelings towards God. "Morality," you might say, refers to the good of fellow-men; "religion" to the central power behind all Nature. Justice and helpfulness are the great words of the first; reverence, worship, the great words of the second. There is a first and a second commandment, "like unto" each other, but one is religion,—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God;" the other is morals,—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The angels' song was a two-line song, "Glory to God in the highest,"—religion; "On earth, peace, good-will among men,"—morality.

But we must *let out* these definitions a little more. What do we mean by morality? Honesty, truthfulness, justice; the give-and-take of bargains; the live-and-let-live of reciprocated rights; the every day courtesies and generosities; the dues of tenderness and mercy to those dependent on us, the dues of charity to those a little more remote, the dues of neighborhood lessening as the circle widens;—this is "morals." But reverence, aspiration, devotion to supreme ideals; self-sacrifice that prefers death to inward dishonor, and counts risk, pain, or the death cheap price for the privilege of rendering mankind service; that high loyalty which makes a man stand one against a world, and feel that the standing there allies him with Strength that is eternal; the bowed awe of the soul before a naked duty, awe which turns to delight and peace as the soul enwraps becomes that duty done,—what do we call all this? All this belongs to the "religious" rather than the moral life, as men usually divide the words. On one side, the economic and prudential virtues; that which keeps the peace, and underlies the structure of society, and pioneers civilization, and gradually embodies itself in laws and constitutions, and promotes man to be the citizen, and refines the state into the commonwealth—this on the one side; it is "morals." And on the other side, all the central facts of the soul's life,—the sense of obligation to act according to seen ideals, the sense of sin for non-fulfilled ideals, the sense of aspiration for unfulfillable ideals; the flame of indignation against strong-handed wrong in others, and the flame of admiration and delight for the struggling right in others; so much of morals as has a stir and a thrill and a passion to it; all of it that looks out on a rimless good, all that prompts the heroic rather than the orderly, prompts enthusiasms rather than seen utilities; and all that working of the spiritual elements in us which gives cheer in trial, quiet in sorrow, patience in strain, trust during long triumphs of the wrong,—all this is on the other side; it is "religion."

Have I not spoken your thought, or something like your thought, for you?

Now I do not know that I can prove anything against such separation of the two words. Perhaps I can only show that to my seeing there is no separation, that it all joins on. You noticed my trouble,—that I had to describe several of those so-called "religious" experiences in terms of "morality;" and you may have felt of some of them that they belonged rather in the other, in the moral list. So they do; but there, under "religion," too; and I believe I am but following copy in classing them as I did among the things religious. Where then does the boundary line fall? Where does "morality" end, and "religion" begin? All that description of religion seems to be simply a description of the wider and the inner reaches of morality. Of the wider and the inner reaches of morality: the "moral" sentiment *ex*tended and *in*tended, *becomes* "religious" sentiment. Is it not all a question of horizons?

To answer this question, will you look, first, at the mystic element in every simplest *Ought;* and, then, at the mystic element in our deeper, more complex, spiritual experiences? And lastly, in the light of what we see by these two looks, let us face together the thought of God.

The *Ought:* in the mystic element in every simplest perception of the Ought I feel a "faith," the Faith of Ethics. I am not wise to know, perhaps none is, the source and nature of this familiar obligation. It may be some swift sub-conscious calculation of utility; or it may be a slow-gathering instinct of the race handed down the generations; or it may be the instant's intuition seen by some spirit-eyes in us, a voice heard by some spirit-ear; or it may be all of these. That the theories contradict each other, I do not see; rather they involve each other. But whatever be its origin, here it is in us, a mystic obligation, a thing that haunts us with hints and vanishes of power supreme and absolute. It commands! and what is more, its command enters into almost every deed concerning which we consciously deliberate. Is there a deed unhaunted by this omnipresent imp—a little Ought? I am debating, alone with myself, whether I will go into some new business, or remain in some old business which affects the community thus and so; the Ought is there with me,—it is the other debater. My neighbor and I are bargaining, we two together, no one else; the Ought is superintending both sides of that bargain. A hundred men are concerned in a deed; the Ought is in them all, determining the precise relation of each one to that deed. It is no more an Ought because, instead of two, a hundred are involved. But again, instead of the hundred men, a state is concerned in the deed, a nation in the action,—it is the question of slavery perhaps, or of the Indians, or of the Chinese in America; or not one state, but two continents are in danger,—it is some question of war: the Ought is still supreme and *there!* The horizon is spreading, but the Ought is no more strong, no more mystic, than when it simply said to one man in one deed, "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not." And let that horizon spread to other worlds, to other lives, to other orders of being, we can not conceive the Ought deciding on unlike principles in farthest spaces or in farthest times. The relations known as Justice, Truth, Love—we are haunted with conviction of it—are always, everywhere, Justice, Truth. Love.—Surely this is *faith;* it is the "Faith of Ethics." Yet all that greatness joins right upon haloes right around, the littlest Ought in the littlest deed. Only an infinite Ought can explain that littlest Ought. Or rather, the infinite Ought does not a whit *explain*, and, if it did, would itself just as much await an explanation; it expands, but it does not explain. The little Ought *is* the infinite Ought *there* and *then*. There is no little and big in Ought, any more than there is little and big in gravitation. Here in the drop of the pebble is the absolute gravitation, the whole law of it acting; here in the smallest duty of the moment is the absolute Ought, the whole law of *it* acting. Faraday said, "A grain of water is known to have electric relations equivalent to a very powerful flash of lightning;" so the smallest deed has moral relations equivalent to an instant of a Judgment Day!

Now tell me, if you can: this faith in an infinite element entering into the smallest duty, this faith that a law of Right which presides at the birth of the worlds is holding and playing and presiding between the mixed motives in a little child's breast,—tell me, if you can, which is it, a faith of "morality," or a faith of "religion"? If any faith can be "religious" faith, this belongs to that order. And yet I have been speaking of the simplest duty. Is it not a question of horizons which name we apply? Once more take your start from that bargain between the two men,—"mere morality," if any thing can be so called: start from that bargain and think outwards, outwards, till you realize that the equations of justice between the traders apply between the nations and the races,—and you begin to feel the thrill we call "religious"! The horizons have opened! Or take your start from the bargain and think inwards, inwards, of the fact that a universal law is actually, tangibly pressing in the silences within each trader's self, exacting justice of him there, so that their five-cent chaffer at the street-corner has something infinite about it through its quality of honesty or dishonesty! Start from the crimson on the little child's face as he tells his first untruth, or first consciously bruises his mother's love, and think inwards to what that crimson banners out, this namely, that the justice of the universe is already marshalling its hosts within that baby's conscience;—and again we feel the thrill we call "religious." The horizons have opened.

Take a smaller thing than a baby's blush. Start from so seeming slight a thing as a mere *tone* in a word; that cold tone in which you consciously answered your wife or child this morning. It hurt them; but what makes it hurt *you* now, as you walk down town? What makes it haunt you with its echoes so really that perhaps you will hear that tone years hence, with pain so bitter you would give a year of life could you but unpronounce it? A mere tone in a word! Such memories have been. Start from this, and think, think inwards, about the sources of that pain,—and we seem to find ourselves in worlds where time changes to eternity, and relative to absolute! The horizons have opened!

In other words, if we insist on dividing between morality and religion, truly it seems as if the division must proceed on some very outward surface of the things concerned. Morality has to do with the relations between men, we say: but the moment we begin to think into the smallest of these social relations we find the moral element in it circling out and out, and in and in, until "religion" becomes the only natural word with which to speak our recognition of it. But that infinite horizon was of course *there* all the time,—only we were thoughtless of it. *The religion is in the morality all the time*,—only we are thoughtless of it. Does it not, then, come to this,—it is the one refrain I wish you would carry home with you to think over and see if it be not true,—"*Ethics*," *thought out, is "religious" thought; Ethics, felt out, is religious feeling; Ethics, lived out, is religious life?*

Now take that second and deeper inlook that I asked for. If something like a rimless world begins to loom

upon us when looking at any littlest action with its littlest Ought, still more we feel the opening of moral horizons, the religious sweep of ethics, when we look at the more complex experiences of the soul. The "Faith of Ethics,"—the phrase begins to glow as if a sun passed inside of it, when we think of that ethical drama for which every soul furnishes theatre and stock company,—the drama we call *Sin*. Sin with its first act, pain,—the soul's only real pain, the ache of shame; sin with its third act, repentance; in its fourth act, return, reunion, peace. It is the drama Jesus told out in his story of the good father and the prodigal boy and his welcome back to the home. Is that a "moral" or a "religious" story,—the story of the prodigal son? And at the Pacific Garden Mission in West Chicago, is it a moral or a religious drama that is being acted out in the breasts of twenty men and women, rough men, rough women, every Sunday night? They call it "religious" there. So it is. How Jesus would have stared at our question,—"Moral *or* religious?" But, after staring, I think he would have given an answer that would make us feel that "moral"—and it as surely is a moral drama—that "moral" is about the most "religious" word that ever slipped between two holy lips.

Or, instead of Sin, to see what the expression "Faith of Ethics" hints, think, think *out*, what all those processes of spiritual chemistry imply which we call Discipline,—discipline by difficulty, by disappointment, by suffering, by sorrow; that spiritual chemistry of which Jesus' Beatitudes are a few of the formulas. Spiritual chemistry, as constant in its action, as sure in its laws, as universal in each life, as the circulation of the blood and the chemistry of physical digestion are sure and constant within the human body. Difficulty which nerves our will, disappointment which teaches patience, suffering which gives us sympathies, sorrow which transmutes itself to trusts such as we never had before; and all these hard experiences of strain and pain and loss and death were working together in us to awaken a sense of deathlessness! a sense of trust in an eternal righteousness! Think of it, friends,—these are the spiritual realities happening all the time, never not happening, in every soul in your city, in every soul on this tiny earth of ours, in every soul through the wide heavens. Spiritual, I say. Realities, I say. Flesh and bone, rocks and trees, not more real, not so deeply real.—Well, is it "moral" or "religious," all this that happens? Moral, surely, as all the words used show; yet, as we think of them in this solemn, searching way, the rims of all the words expand, the thrill begins, the over-awing drops on us, and we are in the realm the word-dividers call "religious."

Shall I speak of that still more mystical experience, rarer to full consciousness, but none the less forever going on, I cannot doubt, in our sub-consciousness, or super-consciousness,—the experience which we call Worship, Prayer, Communion with the Highest; which, whatever we call it, is a sense as if we joined ourselves to that which is all-strong, all-enduring, all-righteous? Here at least, one says, you touch "religion." Yes, but not one whit more really than we touched it in our experience of sin or of that pain-wrought sweetness. Not more really, though now more consciously. That is to say, this experience of sharing in All-mighty Power and Right is "moral" experience too, is intensely moral; and because so intensely moral, the horizons are already circling wide before us, and we say, below our breath, "This is religion!"

Ah, if we but deeply felt the realities of our spirit's *common* life, when we are not "at prayer," we should know they all were to be called "religion," because these realities all presuppose, involve, the same eternal forces. Thanks to science, we realize to-day that our body is really taken hold of by the sun, that gravitation grasps us, that the world magnets draw us, that the climates enter into us. As really, the forces we call moral, spiritual, enclose us, pervade us, bind us, fill us, shape us. It is *world*-force that binds us to justice in our bargain. It is world-force, the peace that passes understanding. It is world-force, the shame that crimsons us; world-force, that links wrong to doom and right to joy in men and nations; world-force, that draws us up in prayer up-reachings; world-force, that sends the Ought-current through our every act, that thrills us with sympathies, that glows in us when we think an heroic thought; world-force, that nails us, willing, to a cross! The reality of this who more than begins to feel? Yet that mere beginning becomes evidence to consciousness of bonds between each spirit and all spirits and of union of all spirits in Spirit Absolute. What word for this mighty faith? It is but "morals." Try again: it is "religion"! Try again: it is conviction that the two are very one.

Yes, *one*. It is the "religious" faith; for religion is man's sense of universal relations,—his sense of universal relations, however the universe, or man's relation to it, be conceived. Whatever thought or feeling in us reaches out and claims a universal scope, thereby becomes "religious." Hence it is that Science, dealing with the True, is religious in its scope and outcome,—cannot be otherwise; for it affirms the cosmic order, universal laws, the One in all. Hence Æsthetics, dealing with the Beautiful, is religious in its outcome,—cannot be otherwise; for is not Beauty, Harmony, that is, the cosmic order concentrated in Individual things, and radiating thence again? In the same way, Ethics, that which deals with the Right and Good, is religious in its outcome,—cannot be otherwise,—for it once more affirms a cosmic order, relations absolute and everywhere the same.

So I repeat my refrain: "Ethics," thought *out*, is "religious" thought; Ethics, felt *out*, is religious feeling; Ethics, lived *out*, is religious life.

There,—it is only a hint, but something like this that I have hinted is the "Faith of Ethics." Have I made the great thought at all plain? If so, I know you feel its majesty; and will begin to feel with me that all that talk that divides morality from religion by calling religion "something *more* than morality," instead of saying "It is something more *in* morality than is usually seen,"—and all that other talk which mistakes mere doctrine for religion, and, casting out the doctrine, says, "Give us *only* morals,"—that all such talk, in either kind, is close akin to that worse talk which speaks of "mere morality" and "rags of righteousness;" and that the common thought of morals as that which deals with simply *surface* relations of society and outward conduct, and which has no root in absolute, eternal life-principles, is really thoughtlessness. It is the irreligiousness, it is the unmorality, in us which speaks so. The trouble with this greater view, that the Faith of Ethics is the very heart and essence of religion, is that it is *too great* for us to realize. Friends, we are afraid of believing so much! As we turn away from it, the words, "O ye of little faith!" sound after us. It makes the awful Powers too near! It makes the common-places of our life so infinite! Which is what the common-places are,—the infinites of life.

But what of the thought of God under this conception of the Faith of Ethics?

Some good men, you know, stifle religion with Christianity, or stifle their Christianity with the *ism* of their sect: and when one insists on "something more than morality," namely, belief in God, as indispensable to religion, without which "religion" cannot be, I confess I feel a little stifled by such theism,—such theisticism. Say that this morality, so realized in its awful nature and its awful sweep, *is* the essential theism in a man—a theism at first almost unconscious to us, and then more conscious, and ever more and more conscious as we grow to realize its meaning,—say this and I begin to feel kindled, inspired, by that word God! "What! already touching *God* in this small deed of mine, in this mere tone in a word of mine?" *That* is sun-rise! I see, then, that "God" is not niched anywhere, nor massed anywhere, nor throned anywhere, but is heavened everywhere, because heavened in the Ought; and of course "the kingdom of heaven is *at hand*,"—what else can be so near? But even if I lose all so-called "God" by the inability, I am not able to think a God for whom to care—for whom to *care*, I say—separate from, beyond, outside of this I have been speaking of. Every thrill of this morality has been religion. Every atom of it has involved, incorporated, that Power with which the others, who talk of "mere morality," top their moral structure and bound their moral horizon. You and I have looked together at morality entering as infinite and absolute element in every act we do, in every experience of the soul. Wherever we have gazed, the horizons have opened wider, wider. To such conception there is no rim, no top, no bound, and no beyond. I gain no explanation of morality, then, by saying "God." I am but saying more intensely, "Infinite Morality." I gain no sanction for it. I gain no source or root or end to it. In the great reforms they used to quote the Bible: but did the Bible text make slavery wrong, or did the wrong of slavery make the Bible text? Did Jesus confer sanction on the "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself", and "Thou shalt bless thy enemy,"—or did the perception of these *shalts* sanction, aye, create the very Jesus? Even so with the thought of God: the right creates and sanctions, not indeed that thought entire, but all that in it which we value most; not all that makes men fear before him, but all that makes man worship him with trust and gratitude and love; that thought does not create and sanction Right. By saying "God" we background moral law on Nature, we say in one short word that the Law is real, is alive, *acts*,—acts everywhere, always, instantly. Nature conceived as moral through and through, from play of atoms to heart's love and a Christ upon a cross, *is* the God we worship. Duty does not point, then to Deity as to something outside of itself; the Ought within is the very voice, face, force of Deity present, Deity urgent, Deity declaring in us ever,—"I am the way, the truth, the life!" *Enstructured* is the word: that Living Law is enstructured in the very nature of man. And the nature of man is the nature of things. *The nature of man is the nature of things!* For the universe is one. That in you which thinks, that in you which loves, that in you which makes the hard duty easy, that in a man which makes it luxury to die that the Right may live inviolate,—*that* is the moral nature of things enstructured in *you!* To see this is to make the great recognition of "God." To help others to see it is to make the great interpretation of "God."

Conceived in this way, the Faith of Ethics makes "God" the intensely real. It mixes his very life with yours and mine. It makes him the Inevitable, as simply inevitable as the Ought. It leaves no instant of our life free from him. If not with us as Ought, then with us as Ought-Not. If not with us as light upon our path, then with us as trust in the dark path. If not with us as joy and the sense of power, then with us as doom and the sense of distance, disaster, break-down. Yes, blackening sinner and white saint alike bear witness to the Moral Law, self-enacting, sovereign, in man. And what is History but human life writ large? In dooms and exaltations of the nations, and in the human tendency toward happier and richer life as the centuries grow kind and Christ's Beautitudes become organic instincts of the race, History echoes and re-echoes verdicts of the Moral Law. Ever with us, in us, of us,—the Majesty of Living Right, the "God!"

And is this Moral Law, this Living Right in things, a law of *Love?* Once more answer, Heart within! If in *thee* the Moral Law eventuates and flowers in Love, if always in thyself the solemn Right strains toward self-sacrifice and self-forgetfulness, then everywhere and everywhen the Right tends Lovewards. *Why* everywhere? Because the nature of man is the nature of things. Because the universe is *One*. Because "the Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness" is all as truly Power that *is* our very self; and, by self's attestation, in making for the righteousness it makes for Love. Law that holds not everywhere in nature is not law. The statutes of the nations have their bounds; the statutes of the universe have none. The Moral Law is not law active in the chemistries of human souls and law inactive in the chemistries of flowers and stars; one law in children's laughter, and another law in tragedies and deaths. The strain, the tendency, must ever be the same. From star through flower to soul presses the awful Power. In one place, self, our human nature and our human history, that tendency reveals itself. Then it is *ever* toward Beatitudes of Friendliness.

And still one question yearns: "Can Nature, this Befriending Power, bear a still tenderer name? Can we without unreason call it 'Father,' and lean on it as One who cares? Is it 'Love,' not merely in result, but in its very source?"

No answer to such question, if not in these same deeps within ourselves. And as we listen in ourselves for answer, the word "Love" opens in transfigured meanings, till it almost seems belittlement to use our dearest and intensest word to phrase the consciousness that one must speak of. If I read our trust-experience aright, it is a sense of resting child-wise on Parental Care; and yet it is still more the sense of being part of a mighty stream of Love; by it borne on to ends its own,—ours, too, so far as our ends are its own. It is a sense of care *for* me, yet rather of care *with* me,—with me, down to the last details of all I do or bear. I think I feel it most as care *for* me, when I am weak in faith, or weak in will, to clasp some Right which yet I see; for then I am separate enough from that which makes for Right to feel it as Power apart from self,—a Power within me, that is seeking, leading, thwarting, dooming me. This is the lower feeling. When I am strong in faith and will to clasp the Right and make it mine, the separateness lessens, till the sense even of dependence seems lost in sense of loyalty, and I am one with the Strength I lean on and obey. This is the higher feeling. Rare the hours, perhaps, when we ascend to it. But this mystic sense, which is at once dependence, loyalty, unity, the right life daily deepens for us, if we will. Law, Love, Life, these three; and it is the righteous life which unifies the other two in consciousness. God-being, within our tiny limits, is the imperious and blessed law of God-finding. No peace or strength or inspiration like the feeling that I mean. Let this feeling once be felt, and then that question about name, "Is the Power, working thus within us, 'Love,' or is it 'Lover?'" seems past asking. It is Love we know, Love that we realize, the Love we care about; yet as our minds can *think* Love only as a radiance in Lovers, the Power shapes itself before thought as "the Father." Thus to the conceiving mind. But in the experience itself, as this Lover grows most real he vanishes again into the Love. Ever the form-escaping, the unimaged God! *He* vanishes? or is it *we* who vanish? We only know the Great Heart throbbing *through* us, its Life translating itself to "personality" in

ours. Tell who can whether it be His or ours!

But as to *name*, let none who feel that its inadequacy dims truth say either "Love," or "God," or "Father." Let such keep silence; and let their silence be revered as reverence by those who find the poverty of words less poor than silence to voice *their* sense of the Mystery and Blessedness. As reverently let those who choose the silence bear with those who break it. Most certainly the One that moves within the crystalizing atoms as well as in the rhythms of History, within the shining suns as well as in the Light that lighteth every man,—most certainly this Omnipresent, Moral Energy is *not* a mighty Patriatch, is *not* the very tenderest Mother. But if not these, it is because our best name cometh short. Those names are only poems, emblems, symbols,—"idols" to help the mind: even as the Incarnation doctrine and Madonna Mary are idols still more definite in outline, and by that sharper definition more helpful still to myriads of minds trying to realize Eternal Goodness. "Idol"—let the word be spoken fearlessly; these names are all but "idols" of the mind. But know what "idol" means,—*an image to make thought more visible to consciousness.* Man scarcely thinks at all, except in images, in idols: at every word we speak an image drops. We need not be Puritans whitewashing the cathedrals in the interest of truth; Puritans denying poetry, because poetry is imagery, and imagery so often means idolatry in hurtful senses. Man has a birthright to poetry and symbolism, and they will not be denied out of him. If denied in one set of terms, they are sure to come back in another. For poetry and symbolism are his chief access to high realities, almost his only access to the highest, and are the natural expression of his thought concerning them. Yet men whose whole heart throbs with the religion in them, may deny all our sacred names. We need not follow our reformers into any narrowness, but since it is nothing but morality that makes the "God" so real, so live, so near to us, we ought to thank whoever emphasizes *that* supremely. These "Ethical Culture" friends of ours will deepen spiritual perception in us. They are prophets of the very God, whose name, for the God's sake, they would fain forbid to men; even as in elder time, for God's sake, prophets forbade his graven image.

Be braver, all! Be fairer, too! Say "Father," "Christ," "Madonna;" yet, saying these, beware! We easily may make them idols in the hurtful sense, mistaking form for substance. Or refuse to say "Our Father," if truth forbid you; but beware as much in that refusal! For to fear idols for oneself, or to rave at them in others, is still to fear and rave at—idols. Mistake not *thou* the form for substance. To put both warnings into one, beware of thinking it either the essence of religion, or the essence of superstition, to say "God" and "Father." To suppose it either is to judge by names, and *that* is the superstition, *that* the sacrilege.

But named or unnamed, to recognize and realize the One, to *be* that One within our atom-range, is life—life kin to its own Eternal Life. To be simple before the thought of it; to be silent, if silence be the true simplicity for us; but if our feeling move us so, to utter praise and thanksgiving and trust in awed and childlike words; to take joy with a thrill of gratitude to it; to do our work and spend ourselves for men with an unfaltering sense that, in the service of the right, the atoms and the great Whole blend their strength; in tragedies, to wrap ourselves about with trust in goodness at the heart of all that hurts; in sorrow, to be quiet from conviction that "no good thing is failure and no evil thing success," and that "no evil can befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead,"—this is to "live in God."

We all shall see it yet! Men will see it and rejoice in it,—this larger, nearer thought of God! Something akin to what has happened to that thought as relative to "Miracles" and to "Creation" will result again. Now we say not miracle, but law; not creation, but evolution. And God at first seemed distanced, de-personalized, and lost thereby: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Then, as our eyes got new focus for the thought, we began to see the Presence nearer, greater than we ever saw before, its Face closer to our face and more awful in beneficence, its Hands more tremendous in their hold! Far larger has the thought of God become, far deeper is the faith in him becoming, by the new conceptions of physical law that we owe to science. Even so, and more than so, will it be with that thought and faith, as we grow to see him in the *ethical* law and to identify morals with religion: He will become the Living God to us as never yet.

No God except the perfect of morality is worth the worship. Drain off from infinite Power infinite Right, and you have left a dummy God, and none so poor to do him reverence: no *man*, at least, because man has in himself the moral element which then that God would lack. Alas for the idea of God, then, that is in any peril through extension of the Faith of Ethics! That God is a dying God,—Saturn ebbing before the new Jupiter, Jupiter ebbing before the new Christ. In truth, all gods to whom men deem their name essential have funerals as time runs on. But never "alas!" for the God of whom I speak. Of him, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" and "Thine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory for Ever and Ever!" *By* extensions, by all possible extensions of the Faith of Ethics, the God whom all names mean and no names utter shall grow and greaten on man's vision. And as with all the other greatened meanings in religion, the world will by and by be very glad.

So let me end with my refrain, worth chanting in the memory until, like great music, its meaning dawns upon us: "Ethics," thought *out*, is "religious" thought; Ethics felt *out*, is religious feeling; Ethics, lived *out*, is the religious life. Let the horizons open!

Notes from the Field.

BOSTON—The annual renovating of city churches is finishing, and the annual thorough cleansing of church pews and organ lofts, is now going on. It all intimates the coming of our September reopening of meeting houses, as well as of public schools. Just now the A.U.A. rooms are remarkably quiet. It is the stillness which always preceds the bustle of the opening work of autumn.

—Rev. Theodore C. Williams, of New York City, and Rev. Clay MacCauley, of Minneapolis, Minn., have accepted the position of Unitarian missionaries to Japan — assistants of Rev. Mr. Knapp—and are making preparations for departure with 'him about the middle of September.

—We are learning a good deal about Emerson's home and town life, by reading the "Memoir for the *Social Circle* in Concord," lately published by his son, Edward W. Emerson.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The printed programme of the thirty-sixth anniversary of Pilgrim Sunday-school, First Unitarian church, San Francisco, held on Sunday morning, Aug. 11, is at hand. It consists of hymns, Scripture readings, prayer, baptismal service, and various exercises by the school, and an address by the superintendent and Dr. Stebbins. Our correspondent writes as follows: "We have had our thirty-sixth anniversary service to-day, arranged by our good superintendent, C. A. Murdock. In the absence of Hon. Horace Davis, our Bible-class teacher, Rev. David Heap took his part. One of the Bible class read from the pulpit the Scriptures; another, a young lady, read Whittier's 'Eternal Goodness;' Dr. Stebbins gave a bright address to parents and children; twenty-four children and young ladies were baptised, each child received with a bright bouquet a cheerful word from their loving pastor. Mr. Murdock read a hopeful report. In his appeal for teachers, he said: 'We do not expect archangels. Good true men and women with a high purpose and earnest words are good enough for us.' Our library has been replenished, and before it is opened we have an evening with a talk by Mr. M. upon 'Books to Help in Their Selection.' We shall take up the new course of study from the Sunday-school Society. We have sent many books away to societies who needed them. We shall hope the new Sunday-school year will be a fruitful one.

SULLIVAN AND EAST SULLIVAN MAINE.—Services are being held at these places by Mr. Frederic Gill, of the Meadville Theological class of '90, who has organized a liberal Christian Society under this covenant: "We whose names are subscribed, desiring to live in the spirit of Jesus, join for the worship of God and the service of man." The ladies of the Portland churches have done good work hereabouts through the P. O. Mission. Messrs. F. G. Peabody, C. F. Dole and S. Longfellow have scattered seed in past years that has borne good fruit.

HOBART, IND.—The Unitarian Sunday-school of Hobart held its annual picnic on Thursday, Aug. 15. Over four hundred persons were in attendance. The school has an enrollment of one hundred and thirty scholars. At Deep River, near Hobart, occasional services have been held during the summer. The Western Secretary preached there on Sunday last and at Hobart in the evening. There is much liberal sentiment in that region.

OMAHA, NEB.—Rev. N. M. Mann, of Rochester, N. Y., has accepted a call to Unity Church, Omaha, and goes at once to his new charge. We heartily welcome Mr. Mann to the West, and congratulate Omaha on the pastor it has chosen. May the twenty years of service in Rochester be repeated in Omaha in the enlargement and upbuilding of Zion.

HINSDALE, ILL.—Mr. H. T. Root, of Cambridge, Mass., has received a call to Unity church, Hinsdale, to succeed W. C. Gannett. The call was unanimous, and a good feeling prevails in the society.

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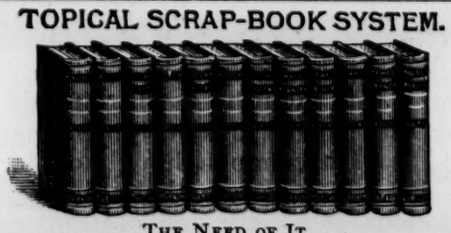

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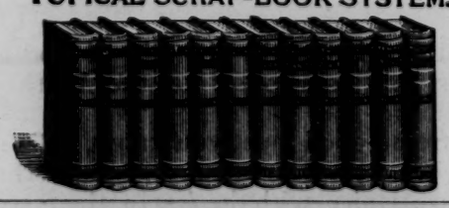

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The Home.

BREAKING THE DAY IN TWO.

When from dawn till noon seems one long day
And from noon till night another,
O then should a little boy come from play
And creep into the arms of his mother.
Snugly creep and fall asleep.
O, come, my baby, do,
Creep into my lap and with a creep
We'll break the day in two.

When the shades slant for afternoon,
When the mid-day meal is over,
When the winds have sung themselves into a swoon,
And the bees drone in the clover,
Then hie to me, hie, for a lullaby—
Come, my baby, do,
Creep into my lap, and with a nap
We'll break the day in two.

We'll break it in two with a crooning song
With a soft and soothing number,
For the day has no right to be so long,
And keep my baby from slumber.
Then rock-a-by, rock while white dreams flock
Like angels over you,
Baby's gone—and the deed is done—
We've broken the day in two.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

GANGABAI.

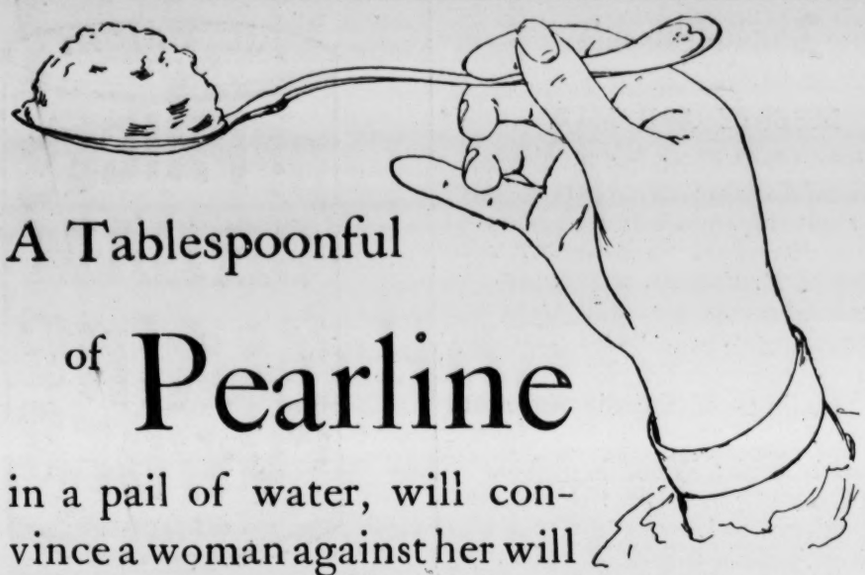
"Oh, may I be born a bird next time! May I only not be born a little girl! Let me be born a bird." Something like this was the daily prayer of Gangabai, a Hindoo girl, who liked play and clean dresses, and pretty things just as much as Maud or Ethel might, who live in Chicago. In India little girls are often married to men much older than themselves, and if the husband of one dies all the people seem to think the misfortune came because the little wife was bad or had done something very wrong. It was so with poor Gangabai, and when her husband died everything bright and beautiful was taken away from her, and life seemed very cruel. She had a coarse cloth to wear instead of her pretty dresses and jewelry. Maud and Ethel do not wear jewelry yet, but a little girl in India is taught to care for it, and, of course, it seems quite necessary to her happiness.

So many worse trials came to Gangabai, however, that she forgot all about her jewelry. Her father and brothers were dead, and there was no one to take care of her or give her food to eat. The brothers of her husband took all her money, and Gangabai had to walk up and down the streets, begging kind people for something to eat. Often she was laughed at and teased and chased; often people scolded her because her husbaed died; often dirt and filth were thrown into the little bag she carried for the bits of bread. How gladly she would have been a little dog and forgotten that she was ever a girl! Three times she resolved to end her life of misery, but each time she was kept from it by the fear that, as a punishment, she would again be born a girl.

Now in India, Ramabai, the gentle, the wise, the loving Hindoo woman, who was in America last year, has opened a school and home for just such little widows as Gangabai, and just at the time Gangabai felt she could not live longer, she heard the wonderful story of this school. What a storm of abuse came on her as she said she would go there for help! The story is very sad, but it has a happy ending. We can imagine the beautiful welcome that Ramabai gave the poor wanderer, but it is not much wonder that Gangabai still prays, "Oh let me not be a girl—let me be born a bird next time!" Maud and Ethel must think sometimes of girls in Hindoostan, girls of their own age, and perhaps they can plan some way to help Ramabai in her blessed, beautiful work.

FAMILY LIFE IN NAZARETH.

He who has seen the children of Nazareth in their red caftans and bright tunics of silk or cloth, girded with a many-colored sash, and sometimes covered with a loose outer jacket of white or blue; he who has watched the idyllic picture of their games, and heard their ringing laughter as they wander about the hills of their native vale, or play in bands on the hillside beside their sweet and abundant fountain, may, perhaps, form some conception of how Jesus looked and played when he too was a child. And the traveler who has followed any of those children—as I have done—to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain but sweet and wholesome food, the uneventful, happy, patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived. Nothing can be plainer than those houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs and the vines wreathing about them. The mats or carpets, are laid loose along the walls; shoes and sandals are taken off at the threshold; from the centre hangs a lamp, which forms the only ornament of the room; in some recess in the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted with bright colors, which contains the books or other possessions of the family; on a ledge which runs along the wall within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay-colored quilts which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stand the large common water jars, of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal time, a painted wooden stool is placed in the centre of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands the dish of rice and meat, or *libban*, or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful, was the outward life of the family of Nazareth.—*Farrar.*



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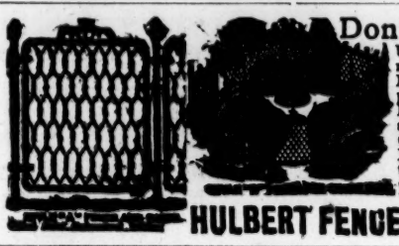

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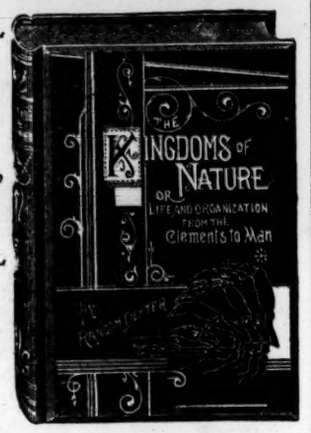

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